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SPAINGFIELD PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 22 1885.

The partnership of Kirner, Nichols & Co. was by mintual consent dissolved August 1, 1885. On that day the ownership of the springfield Global-Rev. inc. daily and weekly, with all the property franchises, book accounts, and contracts of the said partnership, was transferred to The Spring field Publishing Company. PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

COATES KINNEY.
C. M. NICHOLS.
D. PHILLIPS.
(By C. M. Nichols.)
THE GLOPE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING

SUNDAY PUBLISHERS: ANNOUNCE—
On the 1st day of August, 1883, the ownership of the Sunday Gloone-figuratic, with all
its property, franchi-es, book accounts and
contracts, was transferred to The Springfield
Publishing Con pany.

OATES KINNEY. THE GLOBE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

CORPORATION ANNOUNCEMENT. corporation characted under the laws of Ohio, having, Augusti, 1880, purchased The PREND, FIELD GLOBE REFURDED, daily and weekly, from the partnership of Kinney, Nichols & Go, and the SUSDAY GLOBE REPURDED from its publishers, Crates Kinney and the Globe Printing & Publishing tompany, have stiputated to assume all the debts, credits, and contracted the said perturbation of the said perturbation and all settle all the obligations made by the said. and will settle all the obligations made by the same in the dupli ation of the said newspapers between the dates of November 5, 1881, and August 1, 1885.

By order of the Board of Directors of The SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHESS (VOLFACE, COATES KINNEY, President, THOS. G. BROWN, Secretary.

The fight is on; let every republican "pick his flint."

"Turn the ramals out!" Is an appropriate motto for republicans in this state.

The Coal-Oil Gang have been inviting a licking for a long time. Election day will be the time to give it to them.

Hondly's Columbus speech gave evidence of more coarseness and vulgarity than, it seems, the governor of such a great state as Ohio

The Times, urging the necessity of a sweeping change in the municipal government, refers to Indianapolis as "a big, overgrown

The president has scarcely been mentioned in the newspapers since he went into retirement in the mountains. Away from the guilotine at Washington, Cleveland appears to be of not much consequence.

The Washington Post struck the key note when it said, before the Columbus convention was held, that if Hoadly was renominated the democracy would enter the canvass bandicapped by a record of folly and corruption,

His own friends do not attempt to conceal the far that Hoadly's gyrations on election dricks has had the appointment of a keeper for the senate restaurant, and of Aquila day will be followed by a dull, sickening for the senate restaurant, and of Aquila croquet!

Jones as postmaster at Indianapolis, and now thud. The malaria candidate should not fail be is to have a big reception at Wankesha, Martin?' Oho! She's got to be Miss Martin?' to upholster himself in anticipation of that melancholy event.

Dan Manning has resigned from the New York democratic state committee, but it would be safe to stake your last dollar that he won't keep his fingers out of New York politics. It would not be risky to gamble, either, that he will have just as much to say as ever, in the management of the democratic guoerna-Globe-Democrat.

Globe-Democrat.

It will be seen by an interview with Mr. George Spence, the well-known democrat, published in this paper yesterday, that that gentleman's opinion of the nomince of the democratic party for governor is not an exalted one. It is shrewdly surmised that there sit on it with the most decisive indications of are a good many other democrats in the same | land Press.

In his Columbus speech. Hoadly expressed a willingness to discuss political issues with Foraker provided Leonard also took part in the debate. The malaria caudidate was careful to stipulate that he would not meet Foraker it Leonard was not interested in the discussion. All of which prompts us to ask, Is Hoadly atraid to debate with Foraker alone?

decided until it is fought to the end, the republicans of Ohio have good fighting grounds this year. We have everything to gain; we this year. We have everything to gain; we have gailant leaders; we have principles at stake, and the state to redeem from the continuation in office of the very worst elements that have ever, by any political accident, risen

ber,
And having enjoyed herself through the vacation, she views its conclusion with much tribulation she feels so much happier, healthier, stronger. She wishes the season would have anoth longer.

And the urchins, who sit on the wharf catching fishes.

No doubt, when they think of it, tehn they wishes to power in Ohio.

"The democratic party is, and always has been, the party of the people," says the Ohio democratic platform. Yes, the people have been in the habit, in times not yet out of memory, of taking the democratic party by the scruff of the next, dragging it in playful glee to some secluded place and walloping it against the dusty earth and otherwise sitting down upon the democratic party. In this sense the democratic party belongs body and

breeches to the people. The republican state central committee knew what it was about when, on Thursday evening, it selected, from a number of candidates, Judge Spear, of Warren, as the candidate of the party for the supreme judgeship. Judge Spear is an able jurist, and would fill the position to which he has been nominated both with credit to himself and to the party. His record is without a blemish, and his popularity is not confined alone to the republican night." "Well, I don't think I'd care much party, or the section in which he lives. His to eat anything either in the night if I kept all my teeth in a mug of water." ularity is not confined alone to the republican

Dr. Leonard's physician puts the final touches on the "ale drinking" story, and substantiates Bro. Giadden. Nobody blames Dr. Leonard for taking alcoholic stimulants to save his life, but he should never have pronounced it an "infamous lie.

That "Infamous Lie."

It becomes more evident every day that Dr. Leonard was exceedingly histy in denouncing the "old ale" story as an "isfamous lie," for it has compelled Mr. Gladden to reiterate the statement by affidavit. Nothing, as yet, has been heard from Dr. Leonard on this point, except that the Dr. has evidently struck a point in the case which will serve to jog his memory on the sle drinking, by writing to his physician for his "record." The reply substantiates all that has been charged against Dr. Leonard, and even goes farther and proves beyond a doubt, so far as the family physician's certificate can be taken as authority, that Dr. Leonard really owes his life to alcoholic stimulants, the prohibition of which he is now using that saved life to accomplish. We gladly give Dr. Leonard the advantage of the full text of his

Dr. Leonard's own request. It is as follows:

WAINUT HILLS, Aug. 17, 1885.

Ben. A. B. Leonard B. D.

Dram Sin.—Your letter of the 14th inst. at hand, I must obserfully forbish you the facts in regard it your use of shoot die stundants when sick and place the same at your disposal.

During the winter and spring of 1876 while Dr. A. B. Leonard was paster of the Walnut Hills M. E. church, he had a most serious attack of typhold-pneumonia, which came very near terminating factily. I was his attending physic an The late iv. Chendenia and my brother, Dr. J. E. Leonard to take an alcoholic stimulant which he peremptorily refused. We insisted, however, on the use of the attautiant and told him that if he refused to comply with our judgment in the case, that he must take the responsibility. For several days we continued to press our advice, while he continued this refusals. Finally, it was only when being told that he must take the stimulant or die, the the yielded. At our argent advice he continued the new of the stimulant for weeks, under protest, importuning us frequently to stop it.

It is very remarkable that while Dr. Leon-Dr. Leouard's own request. It is as follows:

physician's statement which was given at

It is very remarkable that while Dr. Leonard is denouncing the use of alcoholic stimulants for any purpose whatever, he is, as is proven, a living testimonial in its favor. It goes further than this, it proves, beyond any reasonable doubt that Dr. Leonard in his denial, either attempted to willfully deceive the public, or he becwingly stated a falshood. However, w. will gladly accord to the Dr. the last rescri now open to him; he may jump behind ! s memory and ray: "It was so many years ago I had really forgotten all about it."

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

What's the Matter with Gen. Noves? Ex-Senator Thurman is the first Ohio man who ever refused anything.—Chicago Herald.

Putting the Goat to Sleep. Speaker Carlisle has been counseling with old Mr. Tilden. We suspect the old man told him let the free trade goat continue his sleep. -Philadelphia Press.

How They Can Show Their Good Will. If a monument fund can not be raised, perhans New York will at least pluck up spirit and hustle the rascal Fred Ward to the peni-

Pointed at Washington. Collector Hedden and Surveyor Beattle are doing all they can to kill off civil service reform in the New York custom house by packing the examining board. Thes are re-imagine these two officers are going off at half-cock, in this new way to practice old

spoils principles without being loaded, primed,

and pointed at Washington.—Philadelphia

Now we begin to see what the office of sice-president is worth. So far Mr. Hen-Mr. Hendricks may be a great man vet, if he lives lorg enough .- rhiladelphia Enquirer.

Disappointment and the Bowl. It is set forth in the statistics of suicide for the past year that two men destroyed themselves because of "the election of Gleveland and Hendricks." Fortunately, the great bulk of those who have been disappointed on such account are able to drown their sorrow in the

The Pintform's Mistaken.

"The democratic party is, and always has been, the party of the people," says the demo-eratic platform. Oh, no! Not always. It does not take a very long memory to recollect the time when the people used to take the democratic party out in the back yard on election days and kick and cuff and stamp and hearty disapproval of its behavior. -- Cleve-

Democrats and Their Prohibition Tools. Events make issues; they are not to be manufactured by men or parties. There is an election to take place this year, which may do more than the leaders of either party now imagine to shape the issues between parties for the next four years. Every important election does something in that way. The Obio election may determine whether the democrats shall continue to use a squad of prohibitionists as their tools, or abandon the game as not worth the candle.—New York Tribune.

CAUGHION THE FLY.

Tis now that the school ma'am begins to remem She's drawing quite near to the month of Septem

Window sashes on trains are more !ashion

able than ever .- Evansville Argus. The latest additions to the leisure hour se ries-the telegraph messenger boys,-Bosto

"I've lost ten pounds of flesh on your ac count," sighed the butcher as the dog ran off with a steak .- Merchant Traveler. "What are the last teeth that come?

ogy. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat. "I declare, Mr. Blank," said a guest to the landlord of a Bar Harbor hotel, "your table is

even worse than it was last year." And the indignant Boniface answered without reflec-tion: "That is impossible, sir."—Boston Com-Three months ago a barrel of whisky fell

into the Chicago river, and last week seven sea serpents fifty feet in length were seen in Lake Michigan with the brand of the whisky painted in gold letters a foot long on their backs.—Newman Independent.

Little Johnny Fizzletop has the habit of waking up every night in the middle of the night, and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him: "Look here, Johnny, I never want to eat anything in the night." "Well, I don't think I'd care much

Identified.

hey saw that the man was a strange When he came to the har that day; int he called for a schooner of lager In a loftly and fordly way.

and the crowd round the fish and the crackers

The man with the wanner so hinghty, While wondering who he might be.

But the hartender murmured sottly.
"I think he must be a tar
From the war that he enavigating.
That schooner across the bar."

FROM A FENCE CORNER

Grace Taylor in the Current. Kitty ran to the front door, rustling he tarched and ironed white dress as she ran or the twentieth time on that hot July morning. She had, probably, heard the sound of wheels on the gravel-road that uade a gray streak through the green and vellow fields, and straight past her father s front paling fence.
"There! It aint him this time neither!

When does he expect a-body to start to a pienie? After it's all over? Loness that's Tom Mason and Ell Jones! they've come three times as far as Ike has It's too bad! I oughtn't to put to come! up with it

'O. Kit! Aint you goin'?" "Looks like I aint! I don't think I have by use for a picnic today." Kit is really exed and angry enough to cry.

Come with us, Kit. said Ell, gener-

ously. "Like to have you along, anyhow"
Yes. Plenty of room for you," said
Tom, a little awkwardly but good-naturedly,

"I've a great mind to! I really believe I will. It would serve him about right! You must make people more careful of their word, if you want them to- and she broke off as she climbed skilfully into the buggy, only finishing with a com-pression of her lips, that spoke of sudden and awful resolution.

"Now drive on whenever you're ready," continued Kitty, looking back in time to see a black horse which she knew very well, and a buggy in which sat a large, very young-looking man, whom she knew

"There's Ike now," said Tom, grinning. Lemmy drive on before he comes up. It'll be too good." "I don't know that that would be exactly

right, either. Maybe we'd better wait a ittle—only a minute," said Kitty, half elenting as she pulled at her brown trizzes with her slender fingers. Ike apprehending the situation drove coolly alongside. "Howdy do, Tom! Howdy, Ellen!" then only a slight nod for Kitty. "Going to the picnic I see. Be lots there I hear. See Em Carter this morning Ell? I'm going round for her," and Ike pulled his straw

hat down over his eyes, gave his black horse a cut that astonished him wonderfully, and went flying down a little grassy lane to the left of where I sat, whittling on the top of the rail fence, and where I had a fair view of Kitty's brown eyes stretched wide open in a stare after the black horse. Then I heard three laughstwo hearty and natural and enjoying, and one not so much so-not half so much so, if I know anything about it. And I think do! I should think I ought to!

Then away went Tom and the two girls -one on either side and laughing still And still the same way-one hearty and natural as you please. And the other! Aha! the other! I think I'll hobble over to the picuic grounds myself! I don't care for young tolks' company! But-....

Here goes Mister Ike and Miss Em. Carter! Em. don't look so bad in pink! Looks really pretty! Now suppose this little disagreement should end in a perma-I wonder if Kitty-? Kitty always thought the world and all of me! I wonder, now! Wouldn't that be funny

There! Look at that, for fun! Did you ever! Fifly couples of young folks standing or walking round as still as mice nearly! They've gone off into little knotof two, four or six! Not to exceed six About the stiffest looking lot of young folks that a man of fifty ever saw! Ha! These five are bunched together! Playing

in, has she, Isaac! How about plain con-

fidential Kit, now? "O, no! thank you, Mr. Davis. I much prefer to look on. Croquet doesn't inter-est me much!" Well, well Kitty! How you did miss it! You couldn't fool any ody that way! I know what you're think ing! O! how you'd like to hate him! And you know you will hate him the longest day he lives! The awful, awful, mean wretch to treat you that way!

And Ike! Let's see what Mr. Ike thinks "All right! Thought I'd ask you, anyways! No harm in that! Here Miss Em! Here's your ball! Lemmy show you how

to make that stroke!" That's badly done, too, Isaac! Not the stroke! That was well enough! But that attempt at lofty indifference. Why would you raise your evebrows high enough to look over Kit's broad white hat and at the same time keep your fat eyelids down so that you couldn't look higher than about a yard this side of Kit's little shoes! And why will you go on whistling that way Don't you know that a little lonesome aimless whistle betrays a fellow, flatly

You'll know it some of these times!

But Em! Really Em is so quiet and so ladylike! Who'd a thought it? "Won't you play in my place a little while, Kitty?" she says, offering the mallet, after an hour or so. "I want to go and get a pitcher of water. I'm so thirsty." Now when she does a thing like that she's— well, she's angelic! But Kitty is the most

bewitching pretty little creature! Um! hum! Fifty! Nothing like trying, any-'No! no! Em. I'm determined to go and bring the water myself. I'll be the little water-boy, like the men have when they work the roads, or thrash. Kit, you missed it again! Too gay

with that laugh! Too nimble with that skipping around after the pitcher! All the same to lke, though! You fooled him! Couldn't fool me that way Kit! En! beh! beh-eh! Old man's mighty smart! See Ike's under lip! And hear him whistle! What will a young fellow be such a fool for? Em sees it, too, and laughs so slyly! and upon my word I believe she winked at me! She knows I

know! En! beh! beh! beh eh! Kit over the fence already! I believe I'll trot along and catch up with her While she's mad is-well, as good a time as any. Hello! Ike after her, too! Well I'll take my perch on the fence and-

"Miss Martin!" O, no, Ikey! She won't hear that! Try "Miss Kitty! Oh, Kit! Oh, Kit!"

Now see her look round up into the sky! She's a sly one. "Kit! May I go with you!"

Of course, Isaac! Go right along! I would! I wouldn't stop to bawl that way! "I shouldn't think you'd want to go! You're so interested in that game of croquet! I don't see how you can leave

Now see what a look of scornful despair and hopeless disgust on Ike's face. "Shoot the croquet!" Such a laugh from Kitty! A little highnot mellow enough!

hysteries in it! I know by my first wife

She always "What made you start off with Mason instead of waiting for me?"

He's attacking! Aha! she shrinks

"Because you hadn't-that is I didn't-Kitty! Kitty! What a mers you're making of it! Now don't!

You saw me coming didn't you?" I see you coming now! So close you'll be right against her with another step. "Not till we started. Then what made you go on after Em? I half think you

you go on after r.mr. I half think you wanted Em at first. And kept back so I'd start! So you did."

So you did, Ike! Prove it by me, here on the fence! So you did, Ike! Own up!

"Didn't expect me to go by mys-lf, did you? Wish I had though. What made you get in there with Tom and - ? "I was so mad at you for not coming I'd been dressed and waiting two hours

now! I was so mad. And I hate that Eucarter, so I do." "Nothing wrong with Em," said Ike with a grin. Aha, he's going to tease her n little

Why didn't you stay there with her? I didn't want you!" O, Kit, what a dread fully big story!
"Are you real mad at me, Kit?"

"Yes-es-lam! So I am now! Boo-noo-oo-oo!" What a lugubrious little wail! Kit! Where's your handkerchief? That'll spoil your pretty brown eyes and flatten out your frizzes! Don't!
"I was mad too, Kit! Gimme the pitcher!

Less go here by the fence and sit down in the shade a little bit? Won't you? "I wish I was dead, so I do! I wish was drowned in the well when you'd comafter the water, and find me! Boo-oo

"O, don't Kit! I like you! I'll never de that way again. Please don't!" And Ike dives down under the wide rim of Kitty's white straw hat and-stays there so long that I get nervous up here on the fence Um! hum! Fifty! I wish-! I think I'd

"I believe you like her the best, so I do -oo-oo-oo! And I'll go away so I will! I wish I'd fall in the well! I wish I'd get hooked by a big bull! I wish oo-oo-oo! O Kit, do you feel so badly? Or are

you very hystericky, like my first—?
"I won't let nothing 'urt you, Kit. I
ought to be punished. And I have been.
I feel awful mean, Kit! Please be good!" Now he dives again! And, here they go down in the grass in a little white and black stack, capped by Kit's wide-rimmed straw hat. If that were only me! O, if that were only me! But soft! Here comes -Em in her pink! And such a radiant smile! Now with her finger to her lipsthat way she's really beautiful! And saucy! How piquant as she shakes her finger and her head both at me!
"Careful! Careful!" I say, shaking my

finger warningly. O, you sly scamp?' says Em to m all in a glow of delight and coming up so close that when she leans against the fence to look through, she almost leans against me. Leans against me, thinking no mor of it than if she were leaning against that old gray-wrinkled fence-stake there! ing no more! Caring less! Caring less, i that could be. "Give me your hand, Em, and let me

help you up on the fence where you can see them. They're reconciled. And it' a beautiful sight—as far as you can see for the hat. I wish she'd take it off!" "Now don't let me fall off here," Em says in such a delightful way and squeez ing up against me as if I were the old fence-stake on the other side, and holding

on to my hand as she might hold on ! the fence stake. "Isn't it lovely? Don't you wish it was you, now? I know you like her! You needn't deny it! You can't fool me, sir! I

self. But why didn't you speak up The fence-stake is such a good strong old stake to lean against, or I should have tumbled off with the impact of the thought that rushed from Em's clinging hands

and Em's expectant and mischievous blue eyes, all over me! "What if I say I've just found out that I like you? That it's you I'm dead in love with, Em?"

"Then why didn't you follow me, instead for a whole year rearly?" "You! Following me?"
"Didn't I follow you here?"

"We aint on anyence either. Didn't that scheme work at Em? Didn't it? Ob. didn't it?" And I would have rolled on the grass if Kit has t held him up with both arms. Heldhim up there right before our eyes, and didn't care a bit! In fact, I was glad it.
"What scheme?" I ask, hearing them

all laugh uproarious and having a faint uspicion of Em's accrity beginning to

dawn on me.
"I brought Em seurpose to catch you! I turn toward in with horror, and

leaning heavily at limply against the stake. Then I hea Em say
"Yes he is. Yo're the use I fooled! I wanted him all he time I wouldn't have anybody else i the while world!" Hearing and suddely realing this, I dive under that plessed ade-rimmed straw hat! And loking outslyly from under it. I perceive with mth satisfac tion, that Ike has alo dived; and the two have resumed their ormer sublance to a little white-and-black stackapped with the wide-rimmed staw bat, at I behold blissfully, from the corner of e fence.

MISSING LINK

Dr. Almenara Butler has fouthat cocainointment (1 to 2 in 40) immedely relieved the severe pain of a child oven se body boiling water had been spilled. Queensland, although the yegest of the colonies of the Australasian up, has the largest public debt, amounting \$72,500,000, or an average of \$300 per d.

It is a noteworthy fact thatarriage be-tween deaf mutes and hearing)ple seidom produces a deaf offspring. Thealthy in-fluence tends to obliterate the ealthy. Prince Louis, of Battenberg, a excellen practical printer, and once en his ship practical printer, and once was com-petent to print the programmequired for a dance given by the officers, thrince came forward and undertook the we FULTON & HYPES

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rungheid, O., assa; forem's Iran Bütters is a thoroughly good medi-I use it in my practice, and find its action is all other forms of root. In weakness, or a low littion of the system, Brown's Iran Bitters, is ally a positive necessity. It is all that is claimed for it.

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> HOLERA is rapidly moving westward and will soon appear in this country. In order to prevent disastrous effects from its ravages every preventive should be employed, and the system should be in perfect condition. At this season of the year the system is in a weak state and easily susceptible to dangerous disease. Pain in the back, weariness, lassitude, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver complaints are but the result of neglect. During the last visitation of cholera to this country no medicine was found equal to Mishler's Herb Bitters, both as a preventive and cure, and it has been equally successful in all the diseases above mentioned. It renews and ining to health and strength,

and thus shielding the system from disease. Ack your droggest for MISHIER HERR BITTERS. If he does not keep it do not take anything else, but send a pestal card to MISHIER HERR BITTERS CO., 825 Commerce Street, Philadelphia.

CANCER OF TONGUE

A Case Resembling That of General Grant.

"You! Following me?"

"Didn't I follow you here?"

"Suppose I kis you, Em?" I say, bracing myself against the friendly tence-stake, and if I remember rightly getting my arm delightfully ground the pink dress. "Would it be the kiss you want?"

"If you mean for good and all!"

"Well I guess pu may!" And then I dive! Coming up after—I haven't the least idea how lorg, I say:

"Is it the one you want? Then I dive again, and come up only at the sound of ribald laughterfrom the grass on the the other side of be fence.

"You're a sly ol coon! Got her on the fence have you?"

And Em alwaysready with an answer, put her hand on my shoulder quite proudly and says laughing,

"No! We've deeded! It's all settled! I think there's noboy really on the tence but one or both of you." Then I ke laughed until you cold have heard him a mile.

"We aint on anyence either. Didn't

Such was my helpiess and wretched condition the first of last October (1881), when my friends commenced giving me Swit's Specific. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my theek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new order lip is progressing finely, and the tongue which was atmost destroyed is being recovered, and its eems that nature is supplying a new longie. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can era solid food again. I am able to waik wherever. I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained affity pounds in fiesh. Alf this under the bleasing of a merciful Heavenly Faiher, is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marred to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings, and have visited me in my afflection. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt, these facts, I would refer them to Fon. John H. Traylor, State scanaior of this district, who is my neighbor, by T. S. Bradfeld, of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in the southern part of Trouge county, Ga.

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Excursion Tickets, Via New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railread are on sale at all local stations and at stations of connecting lines from June let, good for return unit September 30th.

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